

## The Critic

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## Reviews

## Prof. Richardson's "American Literature"\*

IT MAY BE SAID at once for Prof. Richardson's second and concluding volume of his 'American Literature,' that it is an improvement on the first. It is less often commonplace in thought and manner, and indicates a riper critical judgment. He has not, however, overcome the limitations which inhere in his method and which seem to be a part of his critical equipment. It seems to us he made a mistake in dividing his work into two parts, in the first of which he considers the literature in which thought predominates, and in the second that in which imagination is the leading element. The fact is, that poetry and fiction are quite as much the outgrowth of thought as history and philosophy. We still adhere to the opinion that the method of Prof. Tyler is the sounder, and the one more prolific of fruitful results. It has been applied by Taine with a striking success, which is not more the outcome of his brilliancy than of the superior advantage of the method itself.

In the present volume Prof. Richardson deals with American poetry and prose fiction. He first disposes of the early verse-makers, and then comes to the dower of imagination in Drake, Halleck, Dana, Percival, Brainard, Wilde, Mrs. Brooks and Bryant. The third chapter is devoted to Longfellow, another to Poe, still another to Emerson as a poet, and a sixth to the 'poets of freedom and culture'—Whittier, Lowell and Holmes. Another chapter groups together all the later poets, including Willis, Hayne, Miller, Mrs. Jackson ('H.H.'), Story, Parsons, Taylor, Stoddard, Stedman, Gilder, Aldrich and Whitman. It is interesting to compare the present work with Stedman's 'Poets of America,' and to note the different point of view from which American poetry is judged. Mr. Stedman gives a chapter each to Bayard Taylor and Whitman, while Prof. Richardson allots two and a half pages to Taylor and twelve to Whitman. Taylor is dismissed with indifferent praise, while Whitman becomes a target at which is aimed many a critical shaft. Prof. Richardson frequently expresses his discontent with the zealous admirers of the latter poet. We are inclined to think he does not credit Whitman with all the gifts which belong to him.

With his eighth chapter Prof. Richardson comes to his study of prose fiction, and to its belated beginning in Susanna Rowson, Mrs. Tenney, Brown, Irving and Paulding. Then a chapter is devoted to Cooper, and one to Hawthorne, whom he ranks as the greatest American author. He does not, however, point out with sufficient clearness the most characteristic feature of the great novelist's work. It is not his realism which most truly expresses his art, but his sense of the supernatural, his grasp of the spiritual as an intimate element in much of human experience. Then follows a chapter on the lesser novelists—Judd, Bird, Kennedy, Simms, Cooke, Melville, Mayo, Ware, Miss Sedgwick, Abbott, Susan Warner, Miss Cummins and Mrs. Stowe. A con-

cluding chapter discusses the novelists who wrote during the Civil War or who have appeared since. In this chapter Prof. Richardson admonishes the novelists that in devoting so much time to the writing of short stories, they are detracting from the reputation they might secure by the use of a larger canvas and the exertion of a more elaborate effort. He fails to note the fact that the novelists write short stories because the demand for them on the part of the magazines makes them highly remunerative financially. A study of the relations of the literature of the present day to the various aspects of American life, we may say in passing, would have given an opportunity to say something profitable concerning the influence of the newspaper, the magazine and the 'syndicate' upon the literary product of the country—not as to its present return in money, but its permanent quality as literature. On the whole, Prof. Richardson has succeeded in bringing out the main features of our national literature and in showing the chief characteristics of our authors, both small and great. His style is not always elegant or forcible, but neither is it obscure or pedantic. He has adopted a plain and honest form of speech, and one well suited to the tastes of the great mass of readers. His judgments are not always profound, but they are such as to make the author he discusses better understood and appreciated.

The present work is the first adequate survey of American literature, as a whole, which has been published. As such it commends itself to our general approval. Its wide acceptance as a guide in the study of our literary history is quite certain, and that acceptance it deserves. Its tone is not so boastful as we have sometimes heard in regard to American literature, but it is quite boastful enough. The question of whether there is an American literature or not Prof. Richardson does not discuss in the present volume, but he makes it evident that much of the writing on which he comments is indigenous. The best work of American authors has a flavor, a *tang*, of its own, which the American soil and air alone can produce. It may be too soon to study with large profit the literary life of the country, so recent is it in its development and so new is it as yet in many of its aims; but the present work is one of the signs that it is active, and that the literary need is being widely felt. Our life has hitherto been too cramped and narrow for great literary results, too provincial and self-satisfied. That tendency is passing away, as Prof. Richardson indicates, and we are finding that modern literature must be cosmopolitan in spirit and rest upon a universal culture. In the colonial period there was no literature because the life was of the narrowest. For the first half-century of the Republic, literature was weak because we were narrowly American. In proportion as we come into harmony with the great currents of the world's life, our literature proves itself original and inspiring.

## The Essays of David Wasson\*

DAVID A. WASSON, well known among Liberal thinkers in New England, was the only one of his name in Massachusetts, Mr. Frothingham tells us. He came of sound Scotch-Irish stock, which supplies good farmers and good fighters. Four sons of an early generation fought against King George, the youngest being but thirteen. 'Too young to bear a gun, but being of a musical turn, this youth, until he could procure a fife, blew defiance to England through a pumpkin stalk. Two of these boys were with Washington at Valley Forge, and in his army during the whole war.' After the war all drifted back north—one to Canada, to die a few years later; three 'to the woods of Maine, where they settled on the crest of a high ridge overlooking Penobscot Bay.' Out of the Maine branch of the family came David. Just how a Calvinistic branch could spare the sap to enrich a twig of Radicalism is delightfully told by Mr.

\* American Literature. 1867-1885. By Charles F. Richardson. Vol. II. American Poetry and Fiction. \$3. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

\* Essays: Religious, Social, Political. By David Atwood Wasson. With a Biographical Sketch by O. B. Frothingham. \$2.50. Boston. Lee & Shepard.

Wasson himself in an autobiographical fragment covering the first ten years of his life, and by Mr. Frothingham in an extended and valuable memoir filling a third of the volume.

The open sunshine has a great deal to do with the development of all twigs. It is that which determines the flow and the chemical changes of the sap. The sunshine in theological matters reached New England in those days through two or three English men-of-letters. Coleridge was one, and Carlyle another, and to Wasson the more important. For this Unitarian form of sunshine Wasson left the orthodox catechism and the communion. The communion, indeed, under too strict a regimen had become intolerable to him very early in life; for 'we children,' he says, 'had to stay through it and look on. The minister was a slow, tedious man, who made unmercifully long prayers.' Dinner time would come, and the comestibles of the service were not for the boys. 'I was hungry,' he says, 'as a young bear, and the sight of my elders dawdling over their bread and wine provoked me immeasurably.' It was too bad, 'eating themselves, and keeping me here half-starved,' he would argue to himself, and he longed to be big enough to have his own way and 'march off.' Many who have come out of those days will recognize the gloom of the Sundays, and will not wonder that religion, as he found it, seemed merely a 'disagreeable old folks' affair;' the hereafter, 'a great jail with torments in one department, and oh, *such* an everlasting Sabbath in the other. Ah, dear, to be burned or bored forever!' If one could only 'make wind mills and water-wheels always!' and see 'the brook run and the water-wheel spin' forever in the sunshine. Or if one could get to bed and frolic and laugh and fling the pillows about without the pious stepmother coming in solemnly to say, 'Hush, children! how dare you be laughing when you may be dying before morning!'

It is to be feared that Mr. Wasson was often called a bad and irreverent boy. It is certain that he was called a lazy one; and yet he seems to have fulfilled the prediction of one of the farm-hands that 'at twelve years old he would whip every boy in the neighborhood.' Hard work and a spare view of the heavens was his lot, until he reached the sunshine—as it seemed to him—of Carlyle, and the kindlier air of the Boston new school of theology. Then the sap of Calvinism became the poetry of a new creed. He left Carlyle in good time, and found himself in a school of his own, such as it was. There was a good deal of friction in the process of breaking away. His health was impaired by excessive wrestling, partly with flesh and blood, partly with the spirit,—'first,' as he puts it, 'by the way he got into the orthodox church, and then by the way he got out of it.' He became a chronic invalid, but always remained a wrestler. He had in him good granite, but a deeper vein which cropped out and showed the split in the rock was the vein of poetry. All the poets of New England drew away from orthodoxy and crystallized in two or three forms about Boston. To the new forms clung bits of theology, which one sees now, in looking back forty years, and sees at the same time how the gems shone less for the theology attached to them, and how the theology looked prettier for the gems. One seeks in vain, outside of Emerson's works, for a handsomer statement of the relation of man to nature and of nature to the divine than that contained in the essay 'Nature the Prophecy of Man.' Theology was a survival still, and through the intervention of poetry an attempt was made to bring about a new union satisfactory to Darwin, if not acceptable to the followers of Calvin. It is difficult to say whether it was new wine going into old bottles or old wine going into new bottles. At all events it was a tempting experiment, which is repeated to-day at Andover, and likely to be repeated with every advance of human knowledge.

The reader of this volume will find much light thrown upon Wasson, and much also thrown upon the whole struggle in which he was a factor. The 'Essays' themselves are

needed to complete our picture of the literary man in his double environment of philosophy and poetry. They touch with great originality and great effectiveness on many topics still important in our times—on the questions of extended suffrage, of democratic theories, of the nature and genius of woman and her relation to our institutions. Other topics are 'Authority,' 'Unity,' 'Social Texture,' 'Conditions of Social Productiveness,' 'The Puritan Commonwealth,' and 'The New Type of Oppression.'

#### The Retrospect of Fifty Years \*

OUR CONSTANT surprise on reading this portly volume, every page of which is enjoyable, is the sense of breezy freshness. It is hard to believe that this charming story of a typical American life is told by a man close upon eighty. Despite his long perspective of crowded years, he seems to have a keenness of interest in present things and an outlook of hope upon the future, such as we associate with early manhood, rather than with the 'years that bring the philosophic mind.' He touches life at many points, and is at home on all great questions of 'contemporaneous human interest.' His special work has been in finance, and many pages deal with banks, banking, money, and those mysteries of cash and green paper, which impecunious people—like reviewers, for instance—can never hope fully to fathom. He has therefore strong opinions on national methods of keeping the purse full and bills paid, as well as on the tariff. Yet even if one should skip entirely what he says on finance (which will be read eagerly and voted by some the most valuable portion of the book), there yet remain many chapters of most delightful talk on literature, preaching, amusement, social life, modes of living, the great men and women past and present, government, war, industry, striking events, and indeed pretty much everything that is interesting to Americans. Washington, Boston, Indianapolis and London are all photographed in words, and the most agreeable incidents are set in the foreground. The style is so brisk, straightforward, and animated, that one really feels more as if listening in a parlor, than reading a book. One comes to the last page of the half thousand or so, with regret. Spiced with anecdote and remembered witticism, one carries away many a tidbit in memory, while the well-made index, at the end of the text, serves as steps and doorway to easy re-entrance into this literary house full of good things.

Having marked scores of notable lines and paragraphs, we can yet call attention to but a few. The text, printed in large type, is arranged in thirty-four chapters, each short enough to be easily read during a spare quarter of an hour. The first four chapters deal with New England, and especially Boston, of the past and present; and it is evident that this old statesman is a 'New Theology' man. Leaving Bowdoin College, on account of poor health, our New Englander went to Indiana, and there began his brilliant and solid financial career. He tells us how Thomas Corwin, General Schenck and Henry Ward Beecher looked and spoke; and then follow the chapters on the Civil War and the times of Reconstruction, much of which the writer saw and part of which he was. His opinions of men are frankly given and tenaciously held. He thinks McClellan a great general, unsupported by his superiors in the Government, and he defends him with vigor. He believes also, as the reviewer does, but as army writers do not seem to, that the blockade gave the severest blow to the Confederacy, and that without the Navy the Union could not have triumphed. He defends Mr. Andrew Johnson, and gives much information as to his administration which is of solid value as history. His discussions of industrial movements, of journalism, of President Cleveland's administration, of men and policies in Europe, and especially in Great Britain, are fresh, vigorous, and suggestive. Though we, as a people, are accumulating a notable library of statesmen's autographic reminiscences and

\* Men and Measures of Half a Century. By Hugh McCulloch. \$4. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



judgments, we reckon this record of the former Secretary of the Treasury not the least for sterling information, as it certainly is the most generally readable and interesting of them all.

#### Pre-Christian Sweden \*

DR. MONTELIUS is well-known as one of the ablest among that band of indefatigable investigators whose researches have revealed the early and long-buried history of the Scandinavian countries, and have at the same time established the definite stages in the growth of civilization throughout Europe, and indeed throughout the globe. The three eras which they determined, the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, and the Iron Age, are now admitted by all scholars. If in some regions, as in Central Africa, the Bronze Age makes default, and in others, as in America, the Iron Age had not been reached, these facts do not invalidate the general theory.

In the present work, Dr. Montelius has given us a clear and judicious summary of the results which have been gained by the studies of the last half-century in Sweden. If these have not all the importance of the Danish discoveries, and still less of the researches in France and Switzerland, they are yet of great and in some respects peculiar interest. We learn that in the earliest period which followed the Glacial Era, the Scandinavian peninsula was probably peopled throughout by thinly scattered tribes of non-Aryan origin, whose skeletons and stone implements disclose their affinities with the Laps. At a later day, about the close of what is known as the Palæolithic or Early Stone Age, emigrants belonging to the Teutonic branch of the Aryan family landed upon the southern coast of Sweden, and spread gradually northward, subduing or driving before them the weaker and more savage natives. In fact, the early history of these emigrants was closely similar to the history of their successors of our times in America and Australia. The precise time of this emigration cannot be determined; but it must have been at least two thousand years before the Christian era. The date of the introduction of bronze implements is fixed by our author at about fifteen hundred years before that era. The Bronze Age lasted about a thousand years, coming to an end with the introduction of iron in the Fifth Century B.C.

All the bronze and probably most of the iron which were used, often very profusely, during these pre-Christian times, were brought into Sweden from the more southern countries of Europe. This fact alone is evidence of the great extent of Swedish commerce in those times. With commerce in metals comes civilization. Dr. Montelius shows that the Teutons of Scandinavia, at a period two thousand years before the written history of their country begins, were really a civilized people, in character and habits very much like their descendants of the present day. They were a race of farmers and mariners. They lived in comfortable wooden dwellings, had nearly all our common domestic animals, cultivated the various cereals and other esculents which were known in the Middle Ages, were well clad in good woollen garments of their own weaving, and constructed large and swift vessels, in which they made long voyages for commerce or warfare. The introduction of letters, and later of Christianity, gave them written history, but otherwise made little change in their customs. In fact, a Swedish farmer of the present day differs far less, in habits and character, from his ancestor of three thousand years ago than he differs from his contemporary and neighbor, the Russian peasant.

The book is profusely and attractively illustrated, and is very well translated. Much of its value to students, however, is lost by the lack, inexcusable in our day, of an index. Author, translator, and publishers seem alike to have forgotten their duty to modern scholarship in this matter. To

present to the reader a book full of valuable facts, and then to subject him to the annoyance of searching through the whole volume for every name, date or other particular which he desires to recover, is really a greater incivility and anachronism than it would be, after inviting him to a sumptuous banquet, to offer him a flint-flake for cutting his food and a clamshell to drink from.

#### In the Track of the Mongols \*

SIX CENTURIES ago, the Mongols burst out of north-eastern Asia, and after conquering China, poured like a tidal wave across central Asia, overflowing into India, and finding utmost verge in the heart of Russia. Then, in the days of Kubhlai Khan, travel across Asia was comparatively easy; for from the Caspian to the Yellow sea were trading stations, government posts, and roads which Marco Polo, and other emissaries of trade, diplomacy or religion, found sufficiently easy. Now, Russia is moving in a career of conquest and civilization along the track of the Mongols, but in a reverse direction. She is paying back that invasion of the Middle Ages. The white Tsar and his dauntless soldiery will soon and certainly reach the western limits of China with railway and fortress. Will they also enter India? This is the question of the future. The Russian domain is one stretch of land. The British Empire is a vast confederation of separated fragments. To shed as much light as possible upon the history of central Asia with the torch of geography, the author, Gabriel Bonvalot, an experienced veteran traveler in mid-Asia, set out from Marseilles in the month of February and reaching the port of Batoum on the Black Sea, took the railroad to Baku on the Caspian. Getting off at Hadji Caboul, he began his journey on horseback along the border of the sea to Reshd, thence inland to Teheran, and through Persia to the oasis of Merv, which is now a well-governed Russian city connected by railroad westward to Mikailoff on the eastern shore of the Caspian Sea. The building of this iron highway was in some respects as remarkable as the Union Pacific Railroad which first gave us overland steam communication from Atlantic to Pacific. From Merv, the journey was made to Bokhara and Samarkand. The long space from Meshed to Samarkand was mostly across the desert, but the sandy road had many surprises, and the arrival at an oasis was always a grateful variation and source of delights. At Samarkand the great ribs of the earth rose into view again, and the encampments were made in view of the mighty rocks and mountains. A loop-shaped journey of several hundred miles was made among the Afghans of this region. At the Ameer River the Emir forbade further advance, so the return route was taken to Kokand. Here, further progress eastward seemed to be stopped. No obstacles except those of nature being interposed on the great plateau of Pamir, the party of three Frenchmen with their horses and servants set out southward over the 'roof of the world,' and after various adventures, arrived at Rawal Pindie, at a railroad, in India, and among some of the comforts of civilization. Thence, 'with the rapidity of a bird returning to her nest,' they traveled homeward, arriving in September.

Having survived the dangers and fatigues of his long journey, the traveller has turned story-teller, and in two large octavo volumes of about two hundred and fifty pages each, has set forth a fascinating narrative. His companion, Albert Pepin, the artist, supplements most sumptuously the work of the pen, and no fewer than two hundred and fifty engravings illustrate the text. A good map and an index, together with the other appurtenances of good book-making will ensure these volumes a welcome in all libraries in which timely books of sterling value are desired. Every year that passes makes the centre of Asia more interesting, for here the point of contact between British and Muscovite ambition is one of friction, and may yet be one of conflagration.

\* The Civilization of Sweden in Heathen Times. By Oscar Montelius, Ph.D. Translated from the second Swedish edition by the Rev. F. H. Woods. Illustrated. \$4. New York: Macmillan & Co.

\* Through the Heart of Asia, over the Pamir to India. By Gabriel Bonvalot. 2 vols. \$10.50. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

The author is a thorough Frenchman in temperament, vision and style. His cheerful endurance of the tremendous hardships of the journey reminds one of the deeds of the Seventeenth Century Frenchmen in America, who were able everywhere to live easily among red savages, and in winter or summer to bear the heats and frosts of the wild continent. Our author among Russians, Persians, Afghans and the miscellanies of humanity that inhabit the central Asian plateau is always cheerful, hopeful, diplomatic, and successful. The rascals do not succeed in circumventing him, but he with gold, flattery, revolver, or timely display of submission or obstinacy, invariably wins his way. He gives us few dates, historic or scientific facts, or statistics, and from a scientific point of view, the narrative is rather colorless, but in point of personal adventure it is intensely interesting. We do not find what a Prejavelsky or Rein would tell us: rather the narrative is one like that of Stanley or Stevens, and hence will win scores of readers where a more exact writer, painfully seeking data for theories, would fail to interest. Yet the work is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of the people and countries described in it, and their possible resources.

#### A Genial Presbyterian \*

THE SUNNY FACE of the editor of the *New York Observer*, the tireless penman and writer of many books, gazes at us again in the steel-plate frontispiece of a comely octavo volume. All who have laughed at his good stories, been comforted by his philosophy of life, and read the easy text of his 'Irenæus letters,' will be glad to welcome this bipartite story of the life of Dr. Prime. Fortunately, the larger part of the book is an autobiography, and by far the most pleasant reading, for 'Irenæus' was always sunny in all those writings when he forgot he was a Presbyterian, and knew himself only as a man and a Christian. Many a time, as we have read the *Observer*, have we been impressed with the startling difference in spirit between the letter column and the editorial division of the same Sunday-and-weekday paper. The difference between Christianity and sectarianism was rarely more clearly shown. So, in the story of his own life now before us, by Irenæus himself, one reads of a genial, hearty, earnest lover of God and man. The second part, however, is so fearfully and wonderfully respectable, orthodox and Presbyterian, that we are back again, before we know it, in the atmosphere of the Sunday-school obituary literature of our childhood. It is largely made up of eulogy and reminiscence, with remarks on his literary labors and the account of his death and the proceedings at his funeral, which latter takes up fifty pages. A list of his thirty-four books—mostly of an ephemeral sort, though highly useful, edifying and timely in their day—is also given. An index completes the book. The last time we saw Dr. Prime was when he was escaping from the fire, in 1882, to the Astor House, where he at once began dictating copy, the *Observer* being issued as usual that week, with little delay. 'No day without a line' seems to have been the good Doctor's motto.

#### Some Recent Books of Verse†

WHERE SHALL one find pleasanter company than that of the 'vagrant verses' (1) apprehended by Master Johannes Paulus, and confined—daintily enough—between dark-blue covers by Ticknor & Co.? A roguish, irresponsible, winning set of metrical tramps they are; confessing their deficiencies off-hand, with a captivating frankness.

\* Samuel Irenæus Prime: *Autobiography and Memorials*. Edited by his son, Wendell Prime. \$1.75. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.  
† 1. *Vagrom Verse*. By Charles Henry Webb (John Paul). \$1. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 2. *Death's Disguises and Other Sonnets*. By Frank T. Marzials. London: Walter Scott. 3. *Flower Pieces, etc.* By William Allingham. London: Reeves & Turner. 4. *Leaves of Life*. By E. Nesbit. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 5. *The Epic of Hades*. By Lewis Morris. \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 6. *Among the Millet*. By Archibald Lampman. Ottawa: J. Durie & Son. 7. *Songs in the Night Watches*. Compiled by H. H. S. Thompson. New York: Baker & Taylor Co. 8. *Over the Divide*. By Marion Manville. \$1.25. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 9. *In Vinculis*. By W. S. Blunt. \$2. New York: Scribner & Welford. 10. *Lays of Memory and Affection, etc.* By Caroline May. \$1.50. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

If some go lame, and the foot-gear  
Of others needs revamping,

none the less their easy address claims our liking at once, and we feel no desire to abate a single tatter of their garments. Indeed, it is perhaps the most untrimmed of these merry rhymes that take one as it were by storm; 'Sloop and Cutter,' for instance, that rattling record of an apocryphal happening to the yacht Hildegard, when

The thingum-bob-stay was carried away—  
And never brought back—by the what's-its-name tack.

The rapidity and audacity of this performance remind one of Hood at his freshest. Delightful, too, are the rollicking lines directed against the conventional fiction

Of milkmaids who rouse to manipulate cows  
At Five o'clock in the morning;  
And of moony young mowers who bundle out doors—  
The charms of their straw-beds scoring—  
Before break of day, to make love and hay,  
At Five o'clock in the morning.

'Deacon Brown: A Dialectic Excuse for a Good Man,' is an irresistibly comical reversal of the favorite motive of Harte and Hay; an apology for one who, lacking the advantages for character development enjoyed by Jim Bludso and the miners of Roaring Camp,

Jest plugged on in a no 'count way,  
A-leadin' a good squar life,

—a mere moral 'bump on a log.' In his satire on French forms, neatly entitled 'Three Examples of English Verse,' Mr. Webb makes it evident that he could, if he chose, follow and conquer 'the Muse in corsets laced'; but he prefers free ways and walks. We have dwelt too long on his purely humorous verse, neglecting the vein of tenderness that appears in the charming 'Little Mamma,' and the pathetic suggestiveness of 'Alec. Dunham's Boat.'

If there seem too much from my scrap-book store,  
There's comfort in this: it might have been more,

says the writer at the close of the volume,

For I pledge you my faith, both as poet and man,  
There are bolts yet unhurled in my barbicane.

To this intimation we can only reply, Good speed to the arrows the author hath still in his quiver! and may we behold their flight.

'Death's Disguises, and Other Sonnets' (2) is the title of a thin little parchment-covered collection of three dozen or more sonnets by Mr. Frank T. Marzials. They are all pleasing and poetical in both feeling and form, and show a practised hand. Those which give to the book its name seem to us particularly good. Here is one recalling Rethel's woodcut:

#### DEATH AS THE FRIEND.

See the long day is dwindling to its close;  
The sun dips down; the night flows in apace,  
With spray-cool breath blown freshly in my face,  
And wavelet whisperings of a long repose.  
And who art thou—how still the twilight grows—  
Hast stolen in to take my ringer's place?  
Ah! Death, old friend, for this I yield thee grace,  
Thou art as welcome as a winter's rose.  
Here will I sit; and listen to the bell  
Rippling the silence that is gathering round  
With sounds that swoon, and swoon, and faintly swell,  
And swoon again, till silence and sweet sound  
Melt in the murmur of a faint farewell.—  
Die unto nothing—and so rest—is found.

To turn from this little book to 'Flower Pieces, etc.' (3) is like stepping out from the shade into a garden full of sunlight and fragrant with breath of bloom and blossom. Mr. William Allingham has a true poetic gift, and so long as he employs it in writing about the moods and children of Nature, he makes charming verses. Some of his sonnets to flowers are exquisite. What could be more graceful than this to a snowdrop,

Fair Maid of February—drop of snow  
Enchanted to a flower, and therein  
A dream of April's green?



And what a pretty idea it is to call the daffodil a  
Gold tassel upon March's bugle-horn.

There are some ballads at the end of the collection, but in his handling of this form of verse the author is not so successful. The book is prettily bound in half-vellum and is embellished with two designs by Dante Gabriel Rossetti who was the author's friend and to whom the verses are inscribed. Now since we have quoted a sonnet from Mr. Marzials, here is one from Mr. Allingham—and a good one, too :

Ivy.

Green leaves, green flow'rs, green berries, gothic fret  
Of woven green, from year to century,—  
On ground, wall, wayside, mountain-crag, old tree,  
In town or wilderness, the living net  
Of Ivy richly clothes bare poverty,  
Adds to the stateliest house a beauty yet,  
Pathos to ruin'd arch and parapet,  
With cottage, church-tower, tomb, can well agree.  
No luck misfits thee, Ivy, great or mean,  
Mirthful or solemn; right for Pluto's bower,  
Bacchus's jolly garland. Now, serene,  
You welcome winter, choose for time to flower  
The misty month when most things crouch and cower.  
Green is Youth's color. Hail, Prince Evergreen!

'Leaves of Life' (4) contains some interesting work by a lady whose name or pseudonym is E. Nesbit. That she possesses dramatic power is evident in 'The Ballad of Splendid Silence,' while the 'Betrothal Song' shows that she can write delightfully on a love subject. The poems are somewhat uneven in quality; there are occasional weary lines, and again there are occasional flashes—fine lines, as, for example, this :

The east grew dappled with dreams of rain.

As a rule the poems are worth reading once at least.

Lewis Morris, who by some is thought to stand a fair chance of wearing the Laureate's shoes—(we are of those who think that one of Lord Tennyson's shoes would be large enough to completely cover Lewis),—is one of a very few lucky poets whose epics sell. The copy of his 'Epic of Hades' (5) which lies before us bears upon its title-page this golden line: *Twenty-sixth Edition*. It is tastefully bound and well printed, and to those who are fond of agreeable blank-verse we commend it.

From Ottawa comes a volume of very commendable verse written by Mr. Archibald Lampman, whose name we have lately seen attached to pleasing poems in *Scribner's Magazine* and *The Century*. The poems and sonnets which he has collected together here under the title of 'Among the Millet' (6) are of a very even excellence and show the author's love for nature to be genuine. Quite the best thing in the book is the sonnet called 'Midsummer Night,' which we quote to show that Mr. Lampman is not an unworthy rival of his cousins over-seas.

#### MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

Mother of balms and soothings manifold,  
Quiet-breathed night whose brooding hours are seven,  
To whom the voices of all rest are given,  
And those few stars whose scattered names are told,  
Far off beyond the westward hills outrolled,  
Darker than thou, more still, more dreamy even,  
The golden moon leans in the dusky heaven,  
And under her one star—a point of gold :  
And all go slowly lingering toward the west,  
As we go down forgetfully to our rest,  
Weary of daytime, tired of noise and light :  
Ah, it was time that thou should'st come; for we  
Were sore athirst, and had great need of thee,  
Thou sweet physician, balmy-bosomed night.

'Songs in the Night Watches' (7) is a volume of poetical extracts from sources as wide apart as Ella Wheeler and William Shakespeare, compiled by Helen H. Strong Thompson. We are told in the preface that the object of this compilation is 'to pierce with a joyous note the darkness of the night'; we hope it will. The selections do not leave one

with a favorable impression of Mrs. Thompson's literary judgment.

Notwithstanding the subtle suggestiveness of a second edition, and the more direct information conveyed by the author's preface to 'Over the Divide' (8), by Marion Manville we are not without grave doubts that 'all print' is not open for the publication of her rhymes. It is a composite structure, in which an elongated poetic shaft, which gives its name to the volume, is surmounted by a capital of clustered doggerel. The mode of its genesis we suspect to have been something like this: a weekly newspaper, an amiable, weakly editor, and a vacuum in the poets' corner. But while the contents of this volume may be thus accounted for by the operation of well-known laws, not so the cover. Conscientious publishers ought to recognize that there are some things which should not suddenly be sprung on a confiding public.

One of the daintiest little books recently issued from the Chiswick Press is Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's 'In Vinculis' (9), a collection of sonnets and short poems, mostly written while the author was in prison for his part in the present Irish agitation. Mr. Blunt is no half-hearted partisan; but, while politics give the key-note to his book, there is much in it of deeper significance. Like many others before him, he found his imprisonment of service to him spiritually, and those of his verses which describe his spiritual yearnings and consolations will, perhaps, be most widely appreciated. An etched portrait serves as frontispiece.

An old German poet insisted that poetry was originally theology in ambush, and taught of divine things. That this has not ceased to be so is abundantly shown by Miss May's pleasant 'Lays of Memory and Affection,' etc. (10). Here we have theology in verse, versified creeds, hymns, confessions, and *misereres* poetically rendered; and, mingled with them, beatitudes and poems of the sea. Miss May evidently possesses facility, fervor, and devotional feeling; her poems are pure and often tender; and she has thought much on themes of the soul and the religious life. Her book is good fare for Lent.

#### Recent Fiction

'TEMPTED OF THE DEVIL' is the sensational title, printed in staring yellow letters on a black ground, of a pseudo-theosophic novel retold from the German of August Becker by M. W. MacDowell. It describes the life of a German divine in the latter half of the Eighteenth Century, when Germany was full of the seeds of transcendental speculation sown a century earlier by Spinoza and watered by Voltaire. Impatient to possess the mystic secrets of what is called the Practical Kabbala, with all that they involved of the power of divination and superhuman control of matter, this restless, insatiate German was not satisfied until he had wrung the magic key, known to the initiated, from the dying lips of an old rabbi. To be a Kabbalist had been his ambition; it became his punishment. The story is told with the peculiar German picturesque vividness that sent that extraordinary production 'Letters from Hell' through its fleeting editions. (\$1.50. Ccplies & Hurd.)

WHAT novel reader, the most exacting of new sensations, has quite lost his love for a story that ends with a shower of rice and the tossing of a slipper after the wedded pair, when the changelings find their true birth and position, and restless energy its true vocation? Such a story is 'The Quaker Girl of Nantucket,' by Mary C. Lee. Charming, idyllic, dreamy with the unworldly purity of that isolated island, the book is full of incident, of delightful fancy, of clear characterization, and of a reserve force that makes us hope the author will in her next story try for deeper truths. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—'FRENCH JANET,' by Mrs. Sarah Tytler, is one of those good, wholesome stories of the last century, with an old-fashioned love-affair and a ghost. In the face of modern realism, what could be healthier than a ghost—even a lovely ghost that tweaked one's nose and walked about in a sheet? But the ghost of French Janet was more decorous than that, and to this day her picture may be seen hanging in honor in the House of Windygates, Scotland, where its first appearance caused such commotion. (30 cts. Harper & Bros.)—'CECIL'S KNIGHT,' by E. B. Hollis, is one of those stories of a phenomenal boy who during a poor and struggling youth only lacked sufficient opportunities to show

the full extent of his moral courage and his virtues. He scorned ridicule, he despised public opinion, he hired out to do woman's chores without a murmur, he had no faults and no vices, he was manly and good, and like 'Gentle Jane' he had his reward; for a speedy and special providence, before the end of the book, made him Governor of his State. The story inculcates many excellent principles, and suggests many beautiful ideals of conduct, but it is overdone. (\$1.25. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

THERE is no one quality of mind which bears so abundant a literary harvest, as that which enables the writer thoroughly to grasp his subject. To that capacity and to a clever style may be attributed the remarkable force of a sketch called 'Reuben Sachs,' by a young English Jewess, Amy Levy. It is a study of her people, not written *con amore*, but with the merciless truth of a student of human nature. The sketch is full of life—the clannish life of that disinherited people. It has a dramatic strength, a vigor and saliency of description that do much to conceal a disagreeable lack of ideality and a certain crudeness. It is an impressionist picture of the Sachs family to its utmost ramifications, from grandfather Solomon, who liked to have the big family dinners and who received his children in a little black silk cap, going on with his muttered prayers as he gave them 'Good day,' down to the dumpy women with the inevitable diamond earrings; and Judith—beautiful, unawakened Judith, with her passionate nature and her terrible composure; and Reuben, the member for St. Baldwin's. (\$1. Macmillan & Co.)

ONE WOULD hardly expect that 'The Cost of a Lie' would cover 300 pages. But then in the present state of literature and morals, Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron has shown, perhaps, a sincere economy of space in curtailing the costly ramifications of this piece of iniquity to this number of pages. The story begins with a fancy-dress ball in a French provincial town, and some envious little *crêpe*-wearing English maidens hanging over the banisters, looking at the forbidden pleasure on the floor below. When, in spite of parental commands, one of them yields to the irresistible temptation and joins the glittering throng, the story begins in earnest,—begins with the ball and the kiss stolen amidst blushing confusion, and continues on down through the mazes of a fancy-dress novel to the end, where another kiss is finally offered in confiding content. It is to be doubted if 'the cost of a lie' would always make such light reading as this. (25 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—'MISS EYON OF EYON COURT' is one of Mrs. Katharine Macquoid's charming stories. It may be that Richard Brown's persecution of Marjorie when he got her off to the lovely forest cot, having told the country dame that the lady was his wife but of weak intellect, and then plied her with champagne and cajolery to make her consent to marry him, sounds rather forced to modern ears; but the story is nevertheless charmingly told. It is the first of a new series, called the International, published by arrangement with the authors, to whom royalties are paid. (30 cts. Frank F. Lovell & Co.)

#### Minor Notices

IN 'SPIRIT AND LIFE,' by the Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D., of Montclair, N. J., we have 'thoughts for to-day' set forth in twelve sermons. The author, a Congregationalist by label and classification, is in spirit a true catholic, and belongs to that holy church universal of which Jesus Christ is the founder. In four sermons he treats of the presence of the Holy Spirit in the Church as her fundamental doctrine, the Spirit in individual experience, in Christian work, and as a factor of progress. The immanence of God in the world and in human affairs is to him not only a theory, but seems to be a vital connection that dominates his whole thinking. One very thoughtful discourse is that on the theological movement of our time, in which the writer shows his sympathy with those movements of the mind of to-day that are rapidly pulverizing the old creeds in order to harmonize knowledge and faith. 'The Appeal to Experience' is practical and helpful, and 'The Endless Growth' furnishes solid food to the hungry soul. This volume of sermons very clearly illustrates the great change both in the form and spirit of the preaching of to-day as compared with that of a half-century or more ago. Not only are divisions and severe logical order ignored in the framework of the discourses, but the excessive modesty of the preacher is noticeable. Instead of a magisterial tone appropriate to the high pulpit, one imagines himself listening rather to a brother or friend sitting by his side and talking in a conversational tone and style. The atmosphere of the book is that of 'sweet reasonableness.' In a word it is not so much the Jesus of the creeds and catechisms that is here preached, as the Christ of the New Testament. (\$1. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.)

READERS must not neglect to watch the successive issues of Mr. Walter Scott's Great Writers series, edited by Eric S. Robertson, and sold in this country by Mr. Whittaker. Some of its rapidly issued books are perfunctory and poor; others, like W. L. Courtney's new Life of John Stuart Mill, are fresh, well-written, and instructive. A better forty cents' worth of biography is not to be had on the freshly filled counters of the bookstores. In direct, clear, and interesting chapters are portrayed the sources and results of the life-work of one of the leaders of the English century. Mill as philosopher, economist, and (in a true sense) philanthropist is studied dispassionately and yet with proper sympathy, the estimate of the man and the writer being studiously fair, save in the matter of Mill's relations to his wife, whom Mr. Courtney always calls 'Mrs. Taylor,'—an unnecessary fling. Why a writer of Mr. Courtney's insight should boggle so much over Mill's lofty and impassioned, though sometimes exaggerated, tributes to her is not plain. Mill's ardently and increasingly loved a woman of unusual insight and ability; neither he nor she showed the world the inner depths of character revealed by each to the other: and hence tributes by no means undeserved seemed overstrained to those who dwell in the outer court of the friendship of the man and his wife. Many a living author could sincerely sign Mill's words of indebtedness, and inscribe them to a woman far less known than Mrs. Mill. (40 cts. T. Whittaker.)

'GLIMPSES of Great Fields,' by the Rev. J. A. Hall, is a study of recent theories of force, life and matter in their bearings on religious questions, and especially on the question of immortality. The work gives evidence of careful study and an earnest desire to get at the truth; and the writer's style and exposition are simple and easily understood. Mr. Hall regards force as resolvable in the last resort into will, and as not to be accounted for in any other way; an opinion which has much in its favor, but which can hardly be considered as perfectly established. The chapter on life is interesting, as showing how completely any attempt of the evolutionists to establish a purely mechanical theory of life must fail; the truth that life comes only from antecedent life is now acknowledged by almost all students. Mr. Hall recognizes the importance of cerebral functions in mental operations, and, indeed lays special stress upon them; but he fails to find in them any explanation of mind itself, and hence concludes that the mind does not cease to exist with the body. In his last chapter, however, he advances a theory that is not likely to meet with general acceptance—the theory, to wit, that there is a spiritual body composed of a superfine variety of matter. Such are some of the author's theories; and though the last one in particular seems to us more than doubtful, we are glad to have had the chance of reading his book. (\$1.25. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.)

'A LENT IN EARNEST; or, Sober Thoughts for Solemn Days,' by Lucy Ellen Guernsey, is a little volume of Lenten essays following somewhat the form and literary guide of 'The Imitation of Christ.' These are really the matutinal meditations of a mind deeply in harmony with the forms and features of certain religious thought, and are especially dedicated to those who by infirmity or other reasons may be denied the services of the Church at this season. (\$1. T. Whittaker.)—'THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY; Essays Scientific and Aesthetic,' by Henry W. Parker, does not wholly bear out its title, for the first half of the book has nothing to do with the spirit of beauty. The book is, in fact, an attack on evolution and its kindred theories, and is written in a polemical style. It is very certain that it will not greatly retard the spread of evolution or the confidence with which the theory is accepted by most students. Some of Darwin's theories have been superseded to a considerable degree, but the general thought he advanced is being more and more firmly established. The essays which are more distinctly æsthetic in their character are pleasant-reading and often quite suggestive. Their manner is somewhat similar to that of Ruskin. (40 cts. J. B. Alden.)

WE CONFESS to have had as much amusement as profit out of the second volume of Mr. Ernest Law's 'History of Hampton Court Palace.' The manner in which the witty London lawyer handles the defunct sovereigns of England is often mirth-provoking as well as suggestive of reflection. The book is a handsome square octavo, and printed in clear type on thick paper. It is finely illustrated with reproductions of rare old prints which give a lively idea of how things looked in the times of the Stuarts and Cromwells. Although this is but one volume of a series of three, which are to be fully indexed in the final publication, yet the book is independent and can stand by itself alone as a capital picture of the times. With the treasures of the British Museum, and with bushels of books, papers, and every description of *ana* which the accomplished author has raked



out of old shops in England or found in the most unpromising deposits of tomes and records, there is no lack of material. With wit, grace, vigor and a due sense of proportion, he has made a charming monograph. No irreverent American of our 'triumphant democracy' could be more free, and fair too, in handling the reputations of those rather commonplace individuals who accidentally or through an inscrutable Providence were entrusted with the weal of the British Empire. The two Charles' and the two James' do not show any better when the microscope is applied to their daily life, than when we see them on the more formal historian's page. The ins and outs of royal womanhood too are delineated; and we have Mrs. Cromwell's picture both in words and in counterfeit reproduction. The inventory of Cromwell's goods is given in full. As a most enjoyable work, full of side-lights on English history two centuries and more ago, we commend the book, though we are all the more inclined after reading it to justify our fathers in crossing the ocean and leaving kings and political bishops behind. (London: George Bell & Sons.)

MR. WILLIAM L. EVANS has brought out a new system of mnemonics under the title of 'Memory as a Power of Knowledge.' The work contains a short treatise on memory and the association of ideas, with some account of the physiological conditions on which the author supposes memory to depend; and the rest of the space is occupied with a series of exercises for strengthening the memory itself. The method on which the system proceeds is that of inserting connecting links between two ideas. For instance: if you want to think of the Capital of Nebraska when you already have the name of the State in mind, you run through the series, Nebraska, brass key, chain, link, Lincoln. Now to some people this may be a useful method; but for our part we could easier leap from the first word to the last than to think of all the intermediate ones. No system of mnemonics yet devised has proved of much practical use, and we doubt that this one will have any better success. (New York: W. L. Evans.)—MR. HUGH L. CALLENDAR has brought out 'A Manual of Cursive Shorthand' in which he presents a system of shorthand writing which he thinks suitable to supplant longhand for use in ordinary writing, an object never yet attained. What the real value of the system may be can only be determined by experience; but the author's claims are that it is easy to write, simple to learn, and easy to read, and is as brief as is compatible with these conditions. The book is small, but contains a full explanation of the system, with exercises. (London: C. J. Clay & Sons.)

#### Magazine Notes

Macmillan's has an admirable article on the present state of 'Celestial Photography' by Sir Robt. Ball. Prof. Goldwin Smith criticises severely the working of Prohibition in Canada and the United States. Alexander Stuart asks 'What is Humour?' and gives the question up. Thomas Raleigh writes of 'Some Quaker Biographies.' In a lighter vein is J. W. Crombie's account of 'A Royal Poet,' a Moorish King René, Aben-Abed of Seville, in whose reign ministers rhymed themselves into office and generals received their commissions in verse, and whose queen was raised from the rank of a muleteer's slave because of her readiness in repartee. Itamid, Aben-Abed's consort, is said to have won his regard in the following fashion. The Prince, walking one evening with a friend on the bank of the Guadalquivir, remarked that the evening breeze made the water look like a coat of mail.

The wind and sun upon the stream,

Like burnished mail have made it gleam,

he exclaimed in rhyme, and challenged his companion to finish the quatrain. The latter hesitated, and Itamid, who had come to draw water for her master's mules, and now stood beside them, struck in with:

And were the frost to lend his aid,

What smith has stronger mail e'er made?

The essay reads like a story out of Irving's 'Alhambra'; but we have the satisfaction of being assured by the author that it is 'all true.'

One lays down the April *Lippincott's* after reading Amélie Rives's story, 'The Witness of the Sun,' with a keen appreciation of the writer's talent, and also with a feeling of depression that such talent should be so abused. The story is full of faults; it is unpleasant to the last degree; but at the same time it has a dramatic strength that cannot be denied. It is not as hysterical as 'The Quick or the Dead?' but it has as great a variety of kisses. Perhaps it is these kisses, or perhaps it is the Italian background, that reminds us so forcibly of the gifted but misguided 'Ouida.' If the story had been given to us to read without the writer's name, and we had been asked to guess who she was, we should have named the author of 'Moths' without hesitation. The author of 'Moths'

in her least immoral mood, however. There are scenes in 'The Witness of the Sun' as coarse as anything Ouida ever wrote, and every whit as absurd. Among the absurdities are the conversations of the child Lotta; among the vulgarities, the scene where this child, only nine years of age, is made intoxicated by the hero's mother, that she may worm a secret out of the little one; also the episode of the same lady and Count Demarini. It is not, however, in specified scenes and episodes that one finds the coarseness of the story: it permeates every page, and is to be found more in little than in great things. About the hero and heroine there is nothing unpleasant, save their kisses. They are high-minded, but over-sentimental young people, and we cannot help regretting the unhappy, tragic course of their true love. We confess to a distaste for the high-flown, but there are a great many who prefer the rhapsodical in love-making, and those who do so will find it in this story. (Messrs. Lippincott issue 'The Witness of the Sun' in book form also.) It is like stepping into another world to turn from the last page of Amélie Rives's latest novel to Mr. Stoddard's interesting and sympathetic account of Bayard Taylor, who was his friend for so many years. 'Two Nights in Bohemia' is but another phase of 'The Witness of the Sun.' Mr. Saltus has a defence of pessimism in the same vein; while Mrs. Rollins's 'If He had Known' is pleasantly optimistic.

In *The Andover Review*, Oscar Fay Adams discusses the novels of Mrs. Barr and compares them with those of Miss Woolson and Mrs. Mulock-Craig. Though he treats Mrs. Barr as an American writer, Mr. Adams prefers her tales of English and Scottish life, and thinks her Texan novel, 'Remember the Alamo,' her poorest performance. The editor gives a sober and accurate view of the new method of voting usually called the Australian plan, of the modifications introduced in Massachusetts, and the results experienced in England since the adoption of the secret ballot. His conclusion is that it will not put an end to bribery, because there is a certain 'honor' among corrupt voters, as among thieves, on which bribers can rely; but that it will serve to check the growing tendency to intimidation of employees by employers. He foresees the adoption of a similar system in New York, in spite of Gov. Hill's opposition.

The most important articles in *The English Illustrated* for March are 'Leeds,' by S. A. Byles, and 'Kensington Palace,' by Barbara Clay Finch. Each is illustrated with many wood-engravings. Marion Crawford's 'Sant' Ilario' has reached its fourteenth chapter, and Stanley J. Weyman's 'The House of the Wolf' is concluded. There is a short story, 'Success,' by Katherine S. Macquoid, and a poem, 'A Woman's Story,' by Lady Lindsay. Henry Ryland puts a pretty picture-border of a shepherd and his lass in a flowery landscape about Shakspeare's song 'O Mistress Mine, Where are you Roaming?' and calls it 'Carpe Diem.' H. D. Traill, in *Et Cætera*, examines the charges preferred against the English poets for their treatment of spring and acquits them of conspiracy to overpraise that season; describes and classifies Irish bulls; contrasts Wordsworth's practice with his theory of poetry; and speculates on what King James's criticism on the cauldron scene in 'Macbeth' might have been, the monarch, it will be remembered, being an authority on witches and their ways.

The *March Magazine of American History* has a true tale of border life, the 'Thrilling Adventure of a Kentucky Pioneer,' by Annie E. Wilson; an interesting and fully illustrated article by the editor on historic sites in the lower part of New York City, being Chapter II. of her 'Historic Homes and Landmarks'; and a carefully written essay on 'German Family and Social Life,' by Gen. Alfred E. Lee. The Original Documents include some heretofore unpublished letters of Chancellor Robert R. Livingston (1781-2), and of Andrew Jackson (1815). The frontispiece is a lithograph portrait and fac-simile autograph of the Earl of Dunmore, Captain-General of the Province of New York, from an original in the collection of Dr. Thos. Addis Emmet.

*The Green Bag* is the title of a new magazine for lawyers, edited by Horace W. Fuller, and plainly announcing on its cover that it proposes to be 'useless but entertaining.' It appears that cheap reports are superseding the law journals devoted to topics likely to be of service to lawyers in the conduct of their profession. Consequently, *The Green Bag* will be devoted exclusively to 'legal miscellany.' What this is may be gleaned from the tables of contents of the first two numbers, which include biographical sketches of Chief Justice Fuller and Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, with portraits; illustrated articles on the Harvard and the Boston University Law Schools; an article by Robert Louis Stevenson on 'Law Courts in Edinburgh,' reprinted from 'Picturesque Edinburgh'; reviews of the *causes célèbres* of Papavoine and Lesurques; an editorial department which mingles grave with gay; book notices, legal antiquities, facetiae and recent deaths. The magazine is published in Boston by Charles C. Soule.

## A Troubled Troubadour

O WHY *Shake-spear* 'gainst me, who am  
A famish'd troubadour?  
I've lunched on *Pike, Hogg-Bacon, Lamb,*  
And *Fane* would *Steele* some *Moors*.

For while my *Harte* with poesy *Burns*,  
My stomach fancy lacks,  
Starves on *Wilde* flowers of song, and yearns  
For flour that comes in *Saxe*.

And though I love my *Lowelly* lot,  
Its *Paynes* my purse bewilder,  
How *Rich* I'd be were I, God wot,  
A *Goldsmith* or a *Gilder*!

This poetast'ring is my *Bayne*,  
It *Withers* me with woe,  
Yet sing I in *B-ironic* strain—  
'Poesie! oûc àya-Poe!'

Were I by *Prior* pedigree  
A *Sled(y)man*, or grittier,  
My wits would shine, I'd *Shirley* be  
A *W(h)itman*, or a *W(h)ittier*.

I've scolded *Mother-well*, 't is vain—  
I was not born a *Scott*;  
Her *Tenny-son* was an English *Swain*,  
Her *Emer-son* was not.

In *Quarles*, alas, I tumble straight  
If up the *Street* I go,  
And catch a *Crabbe*, as sure as fate,  
Whene'er I try to *Rowe*.

I wish my *Wintery* songs were sung,  
Could I be *Greene* and *Gay*,  
For, gentle *CRITIC*, I'm not *Young*,  
I'm *Hoarey*, *Dry'd-en Gray*.

I'd work as *Butler*, or, were I  
A *Long-fellow*, I'd make shift  
To be a *Massinger*, and try  
How near I'd run to *Swift*.

My *Word's-worth* less at market price  
Than *Taylor-ing* or clowning,  
Which dims my *Rose-tti-nt* rhymes, so nice,  
As with a wash of *Browning*.

With *Savage How'lls* at those I grin  
Who in sunshine make their *Hay*;  
I grudge the emer-*Ald rich*-ness in  
The beauty of *De Kay*.

O were I *Pope*, in *Cowley Hood*,  
I'd quit all *Sin-burned* 'pomes,'  
And bask in restful, *Suckling* mood  
In happiest of *Holmes*.

O. H. G. L. (ARGUS.)

## The Lounger

HERR ALVARY has made a great impression on opera-goers this winter, and the lovers of Wagner's music have found a new charm in it when the young German has been its interpreter. The ladies especially have been delighted with his singing, and not less with his fine appearance and graceful, manly bearing. Never, they are agreed, was such a Siegfried seen or heard; never will such another tread the boards of the Metropolitan Opera House. To the disappointment of many of Alvary's admirers, Herr Kalisch's name appeared on the programme of the 'Götterdämmerung,' at the extra matinée on Thursday of last week. In a certain box filled with ladies the disappointment was particularly keen. After hearing Alvary the night before in 'Siegfried,' it was asking too much to expect them to put up with Kalisch in the same character. He was nothing of a singer, and still less of an actor, by comparison with the popular favorite. 'If this is the sort of thing we are to have next year,' exclaimed one of the party in a pet, 'the opera won't see much of me. They can't palm off a singer like Kalisch on people who have once heard Alvary.' And all the time these unhappy ladies were making moan in their box, the true and only Alvary was singing and acting his very best before them!—and even wearing the very wig he had worn the night before. The name on the

programme was Kalisch's, sure enough, but the cast had been changed. Hereafter who will venture to propound that old chestnut about the value of a name?

THERE IS A passage in Amélie Rives's new story, 'The Witness of the Sun,' which I fancy was written 'with intention,' as the French say. The hero is a famous novelist, and he is talking with the heroine. The latter says: 'The idea of being maimed is always so horrible.' 'There are worse things than losing one's hand, doushka.' 'What is worse?' 'To have the eye of the public always at one's key-hole. A man might go mad for that, thrust his pen through the opening and put it out, and so have no readers for his manuscripts. The sensation of being eternally pried upon,—and there is nothing much worse than that; and that is the penalty.' And yet, unless we are to discount everything in the newspapers, there has been some 'authorized' prying in the case of Miss Rives.

THE *Herald* of last Sunday contained a number of letters on the subject of morality in fiction. Among the writers were John G. Whittier, Charles Dudley Warner, George P. Lathrop, Julian Hawthorne and Harry Harland. Mr. Whittier believes that 'literature and art should be moral.' Mr. Harland thinks that 'to constrain novelists to write *virginibus puerisque* is simply to tether art.' He does not object so much to immorality in literature as to its indiscriminate reading. Mr. Warner's views are worth quoting in full:—

The middle course is generally right in life. It is impossible to draw hard and fast lines as to fiction. There are many things in nature which the artist should not paint and exhibit. Why should the novel be like the secret cabinet in Naples? There are many things about which we do not talk, for perfectly justifiable ethical reasons. Why should they be described in novels? But while pruriency should be avoided, prudery and false modesty are also to be shunned. We want virile fiction, dealing with real passions, and not an emasculated view of human nature adapted to the nursery. There is abundant scope for this in a pure and elevating novel. That is a false 'naturalism' which says that only the indecent and illicit side of life is true. Morbid indecency is apt to be the resort of a 'sensationalist' incapable of attracting attention otherwise. I believe there is now a reaction against the extreme naturalistic movement, but very likely this movement has had the effect of rescuing the novel from namby-pambyism.

There is a reaction against this unpleasant thing in modern literature; for I have been assured of it by one who has his fingers on the public pulse.

THE VETERAN historian Bancroft does his work in the early morning. He is at his desk at six and leaves it at nine A.M., having done his stint. I should like to ask Mr. Bancroft if this was his habit when he was in his twenties and thirties, or even his forties. When they arrive at his present age, all men, or nearly all, are early risers. They do not require as much sleep as younger men; they may go to bed late, but they rise with the lark. Mr. Bancroft, however, retires early. Ten o'clock finds him snugly tucked between the sheets. The recent candidate for the Vice-Presidency, the Hon. Alan G. Thurman, though he retires to his room at an early hour, usually reads until after midnight; yet he sees the sun rise every morning. There are few young writers who could follow Mr. Bancroft's plan with success. I heard a woman-of-letters say, not long ago, that she was never fairly awake before noon, and that she was wide-awake at midnight. It would be utterly impossible for a person of her temperament to sit down to write at six o'clock in the morning.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B., has procured for the Aldrich Collection in the Iowa State Library several interesting autographs of the royal families of England and Germany. At his suggestion, the Queen some time ago kindly sent manuscripts of her own and of Prince Albert's; and now Sir Theodore has forwarded photographs of the Empress Frederick and her lamented husband, the gift of the widowed Empress. That of the late Emperor bears an inscription written by the widow; while she herself sends a large mourning card filled with her own writing—dates, text ('He giveth his beloved rest'), signature and title. The latter run as follows: 'Victoria, Dowager Empress Frederic of Germany and Queen of Prussia.'

A MONTHLY periodical called *The Writer* has just been started in London. It is planned very much on the lines laid down for their own guidance by the projectors of the American journal of the same name, and is likely to prove useful to literary workers as it contains much information of a very practical nature. I am tempted to quote an anecdote from a paper on 'Publishers and



Sinners' for the truth of which the writer vouches. It is an illustration of the peculiarity of the obnoxious 'half-profits' system:—

'What is this?' once said a London publisher to his book-keeper. 'Flecyd's account, sir.' 'But you have made a balance in his favor.' 'I could not help it, sir.' 'Why?' 'Because there is one.' 'Have you taken off fifteen per cent. on sales?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And charged insurance?' 'The stock was not insured.' 'Oh nonsense! As if that mattered. Put down two-and-a-half for insurance. Here, give it to me. Why, I see, too, you have not charged for warehousing. And copies for review—surely there were more than fifty sent out?' 'That was all, sir.' 'Increase it to one hundred. Then you must put the price of the copies supplied to the libraries at one third instead of half-price. There—now make out your statement.'

I WAS SPEAKING with a lady about the Erwin Davis pictures, when the Barye water-colors were mentioned. 'I think they are abominable,' said she. 'Barye abominable!' I exclaimed. 'I can't help it,' she rejoined; 'that is what I think. Why, a child could draw better.' Then I confessed to her behind my napkin, for we were at the dinner-table, that I thought so, too, but lacked the courage to say so. Perhaps these are not good examples of what Barye can do with the brush. I hope they are not, for they are no more like his bronzes than a pin-cushion dog is like a real one. I wouldn't give a fifty-cent plaster cast from a Barye bronze for both of these original water-colors. And I think if many people shared the courage of my friend, this opinion would be found commoner than it seems to be. Barye's bronzes have all the modeling of the live animal. You see its muscles, you can count its ribs, you can almost see it move. But his tiger in the Davis collection has no muscles, no movement, and its feet look as if they had been poulticed.

### "Poe's Mary" and her Brother

MR. AUGUSTUS VAN CLEEF, whose *Harper* article on 'Poe's Mary' was noticed in our Magazine Notes on March 9, sends us for publication the following letter, recently received from the brother of the lady referred to in the article in question:

HIGH BARNET, NEAR LONDON, March 1, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your interesting memoir of E. A. Poe, in this month's *Harper*, brings back to my memory events well nigh forgotten, and confirms what has hitherto been only a sort of suspicion—that the Mary I have once in a way seen alluded to in print, was none other than my sister Mary. All the circumstances point clearly to her:—the house in *Exeter* Street (not Essex); the Newmans, our next neighbors; the adjoining 'stoops'; the side alley; Uncle James, and lastly the death of my dear Sister a couple of years ago at D—.

I have heard my sister many years ago speak of a certain ode addressed by Poe 'To Mary,' but as she was always reserved on the subject of Poe's early attachment to her, and as I was too young at the time (1832-3) to notice any such flirtations, I never attached much importance to the matter. I remember very well having driven my sister Mary out to Fordham to visit Poe, about the year 1848, on one of my return visits to New York from London; and the amusement I caused him by citing the remarks of a London critic on one of his late productions (I forget which) where, in the word 'bug,' so shocking to English ears polite, appeared. Mrs. Clemm was there too, but not Virginia. Both Poe and his 'mother' showed a most tender regard for Mary on that occasion.

Little Virginia I have a clear recollection of when she visited us in *Exeter* St., as well as of the fact that the fascinating little brunette awakened in me the first tender emotion I ever felt—*calf love*, I believe you call it. But they are all passed away now—Poe, Mary, Virginia, Mrs. Clemm, the Newmans and all, whilst I remain here to ponder over, in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*, the little history in which they, as well as myself, once played a part.

I am contemplating another (and perhaps last) visit to the U. S., the coming summer, which will most certainly include a run down to the old house in *Exeter* St. as well as (if it still stands) to Poe's old home close by in *Pratt* St. Your affec. cousin,

HENRY ———.

### The Aldine Club

THE ALDINE CLUB, of whose organization the first intelligence was contained in our last issue, has just been incorporated. The officers of the Club are as follows:—President, W. W. Appleton, of D. Appleton & Co.; Vice-President, H. C. Bunner, editor of *Puck*; Treasurer, Frank H. Scott, Treasurer of the Century Co.; Secretary, John S. Wood. The Council is composed as follows: Class of 1890, William D. Howells, James

F. Ruggles, Frank H. Scott and John S. Wood; class of 1891, Charles E. Merrill, Arthur H. Scribner, Frederick A. Stokes and Gilman H. Tucker; class of 1892, W. W. Appleton, H. C. Bunner, Henry T. Thomas and George T. Stevens; class of 1893, George R. Cathcart, Charles A. Clapp, Alexander W. Drake and Effingham Maynard. The standing committees are as follows: House: Henry T. Thomas, George R. Cathcart and Charles E. Merrill. Auditing: Effingham Maynard, Geo. T. Stevens and Gilman H. Tucker. Literature and Art: James F. Ruggles, A. W. Drake and W. D. Howells. Admissions—Class of 1890, Louis H. Blakeman, Joseph L. Blamire, George E. Brett, Edward L. Burlingame and Bleeker Van Wagenen; class of 1891, Daniel Appleton, Salter S. Clark, Theodore L. De Vinne, Richard W. Gilder and Clarence C. Rice; class of 1892, John D. Champlin, Jr., Oscar M. Dunham, Orlando Leach, Joseph J. Little and A. D. F. Randolph. April 30 has been fixed upon for the opening of the club-house at No. 20 Lafayette Place.

### The Fine Arts

#### The Erwin Davis Sale

THE manner of the sale of the Erwin Davis Collection has called forth some sharp criticism. The sale was not advertised as unserved, but the public has become accustomed to consider the practice of 'bidding in' at auction sales a thing of the past, among respectable owners and auctioneers. The prices brought the first night of the sale were, generally speaking, quite low—an 'Interior' by Baron Leys going for \$55, a 'Landscape' by Michel for \$25, a 'Head' by Ribot for \$75, a 'Still life' by Chardin for \$170, 'The Camel' by Marillier for \$100, and 'Autumn' by T. Rousseau for \$250. The best price of the evening, was for Rousseau's 'Landscape' (No. 52 in the catalogue), which went to \$6250—it is supposed to Mr. Davis's agent. The second evening, the agent was more active, and prices were correspondingly higher. He bid in Bastien Lepage's 'Joan of Arc' at \$23,400, Troyon's 'Pasturage in Normandy' at \$17,500, Delacroix's 'Lion Hunt' at \$11,800, Rousseau's 'Sunset in the Pyrenees' at \$5800, Corot's 'The Ford' at \$7600, and other pictures at corresponding prices. Mr. Davis has presented to the Metropolitan Museum three of the pictures thus reclaimed by him—the 'Joan of Arc,' and the two principal Manets of his collection, 'The Boy with a Sword' and 'Feeding the Parrot.' But it is said that fully \$90,000 worth of his pictures will go back to his own gallery.

#### Art Notes

The *Magazine of Art* for April opens with a sensible and not too laudatory article on the painter Washington Allston, by M. G. van Rensselaer, illustrated with good woodcuts of his bust and of three of his most celebrated pictures. H. Seymour Trower supplies the text to a score of phototype engravings after Japanese netsukes—those grotesquely carved buttons of hard wood or ivory, which were attached to pill-boxes, pipe cases and other objects to fasten them to the girdle. The objects selected to be illustrated are very well chosen, and give a good idea of this most attractive field for the collector. John Forbes-Robertson has an interesting article on the Greek portraits in wax paint found attached to mummy cases at Hawara in Egypt, with photo-engravings. The shorter articles are on 'The Romance of Art,' 'Fra Lippo Lippi' and 'At the Old Masters.' The latter, by Frederick Wedmore, deals mostly with Watteau. The frontispiece is a neat steel engraving by Morse, after Greuze's picture of 'The Dead Bird.'

—A number of water-colors by Robert Burns Wilson, the Kentucky poet, are on view at Mr. Klackner's Seventeenth Street Gallery, and may be seen there till next Saturday.

—A clever etching by G. W. Rhead of Mulready's picture of 'A Child,' now in the South Kensington Museum, is the frontispiece to the *March Portfolio*. It reproduces charmingly the naïve look of the little original in her queer costume of the beginning of the century. A third instalment of the papers on Westminster Abbey, by W. J. Loftie, is illustrated with an etching of the Confessor's Chapel by H. Railton and several pen-drawings by the same artist. The antiquities of Dartmoor, its cairns, cromlechs, avenues and great circles, and the remains of the huts of the men who built them and who had their walled villages or scattered homes in their neighborhood, are well described by John W. Page and illustrated by engravings from his sketches. There is a full-page photogravure of a relief by Hamo Thornycroft, R. A., of 'Artemis,' and a short article on orthochromatic photography, by F. G. Stephens.

—In a private letter from Mr. George P. A. Healy, printed in last Saturday's *Post*, there is an interesting account of the last days of Andrew Jackson, whose portrait Mr. Healy was commissioned

to paint by King Louis Philippe. Mr. Healy found Gen. Jackson very ill. He refused to sit. 'Not for all the kings in Christendom,' he answered, when the artist ventured to say that the King would be very sorry. Mr. Healy was advised to see young Mrs. Jackson, wife of the General's adopted son, and drove to Nashville, twelve miles away, to find her. At her request the dying man consented to sit, and the portrait was finished within a week. The family requested a copy; but Mr. Healy said that, as a copy was rarely as good as the original, if the General would sit for another portrait, the first might be retained. This was acceded to. After finishing it, Mr. Healy proceeded to Nashville to paint Mr. Clay's portrait, for which also he had a commission from the King; then returned, by request, to Nashville to paint Mrs. Jackson. The General never saw this last painting finished, for he died while it was in progress.

—There will be a Prize Fund exhibition of paintings at the American Art Galleries early in May. In April the Pastel Club will give an exhibition of its work at Wunderlich's gallery.

### International Copyright

OF MR. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL'S arguments against International Copyright, which we described in our issue of March 16 as 'neither new nor very seductively put,' the *Tribune* observes:

It is not possible to read Mr. Boutwell's article on copyright in the current *North American Review* without a certain feeling of mortification. He is an excellent representative of the best class of our public men. He was Governor of one of the most enlightened States in the Union. He had a long and distinguished career in both houses of Congress, and in the Cabinet as well. It would be natural to expect of him not only a broad and statesmanlike view of such a question, but one exhibiting a cordial sympathy with all intellectual aspirations. But the article is characterized, on the contrary, by the utmost narrowness and crudity, and seems to recognize no higher moral standard in this question than that of the book pirate himself.

### Boston Letter

I HAVE been impressed lately by some features of the literary relations between Boston and the West which are not generally known. They indicate the extent to which the works of our New England authors published in this city are sold in that section of the country, and the number of books by Western writers which come here for publication. I am told, for example, that the expensive subscription edition of Longfellow's works, with its six hundred exquisite illustrations, lately published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., sells better in Chicago than it does in New York, and what is more remarkable, the demand comes largely from a class of people who in this part of the country are not purchasers of costly books.

Retail clerks and shop-girls invest their hard earnings in the sumptuous edition of the works of our Cambridge bard, and while this fact illustrates the universality of his hold upon the sympathies, it has a special significance from its relation to the artistic and literary culture of the 'slaves' of the counter and the desk in that city of the West which is often satirized for its devotion to material things. I should not object, indeed, to its getting up a 'corner' in poetry, if only by way of variety to the less sentimental operations of the wheat pit. It occurs to me that one reason why Longfellow's works sell better in Chicago and some other Western cities than in New York, is on account of the larger New England element in their population, which is naturally attracted to his poetry as at once local in its association with his name and fame, and universal in its appeals to human feeling.

As to the other literary tie between Boston and the West to which I have referred, it is sufficient for me to say that a single publishing-house in this city, the one to which I have above referred, has no less than fifty Western authors on its list. Fiction, poetry, religion, biography, science and travel are represented in their works. Among the more noted of these writers are W. D. Howells, Mary N. Murfree, John Hay, Lew Wallace, Forcethe Willson, Washington Gladden, Alice and Phoebe Cary, N. S. Shaler, J. B. Howe, Henry Watterson, Josiah Royce, Thomas M. Cooley, John James Piatt, Mrs. S. M. Piatt, Octave Thanet, James K. Hosmer, Edith M. Thomas and Edward Rowland Sill.

This growth of a taste for the best literature, and of creative literary power, is an encouraging sign for the future of the West, and although its authors now come East for their publishers, the time will come when they can procure them at home; although New England writers are not likely to have their books published in Chicago or St. Louis till the question whether Boston is a liter-

ary centre has been authoritatively decided in the negative. There is some satisfaction in thinking that although New England is, as the phrase is, 'left out in the cold' by the Granger legislation against her capital invested in Western railroads, she has not ceased to exert a power in the realm of ideas which is more permanent than any that mere acreage or population can secure.

There is a humorous side to the development of literary culture and ambition in certain parts of the West, and their local newspaper satirists have been quick to set it off. Some Boston publishers have had amusing letters from would-be authors, who, having observed that Western writers have come into favor in the East, kindly offer their services for its enlightenment. Naturally the most inexperienced of these aspirants for literary fame are the most confident of success. Writers who have never published anything outside the columns of a country newspaper, are eager to produce books on any subject that may be presented to them, and volunteer to send copies of their prose or poetry to such publishers as show sufficient appreciation of their claims to consideration.

Ticknor & Co. will publish about the middle of April a novel by Celia Parker Woolley, author of 'Rachel Armstrong'; or, 'Love and Theology,' etc. It is entitled 'A Girl Graduate,' and narrates the experiences of Maggie Dean, the daughter of a Yankee mechanic in a New England village, who is a strikingly individual character. The kindness and simplicity of the man's nature are combined with a good deal of force, and the influence of his blended strength and gentleness is seen in the heroine's development. She is something of a puzzle to her father, and her varied experiences are depicted with a light but vigorous brush. The story is lit up by touches of humor, and its pathetic scenes deepen the interest excited by its graphic descriptions.

One of the April volumes of Ticknor's Paper Series is 'Fools of Nature,' by Alice Brown, which is notable for its impassioned love scenes and the skill with which the shams of spiritualism are exposed while preserving the reader's sympathy for their simple-minded victims; the other is 'Dust,' by Julian Hawthorne, which is one of the best of his early novels, and has been out of print for many years. 'Looking Backward,' the remarkable romance of socialism which has taken such a strong hold alike upon scholars and the public, is still growing in favor. Fifteen hundred copies were sold last week, and the demand for it beyond the Rocky Mountains has been increased by the praise of Prof. Moses, Professor of Political History in the University of California, who pronounces it the book of the era on labor.

Houghton Mifflin & Co. propose to publish, if sufficient encouragement is offered, a book entitled 'The Genesis of the United States.' This is a narrative of the important movements from 1605 to 1616 by which England gained possession of North America, showing especially the part played by Spain in attempting to thwart them. The author, Mr. Alexander Brown, member of the Virginia Historical Society and of the American Historical Society, obtained through Mr. Curry, late Minister to Spain, copies of about three hundred documents in the archives of Simancas, hitherto unused by historians, which reveal the intrigues of the Spanish Government. In fact, the broadsides, rare tracts, and documents which he presents in historic order, as they came to hand in London or in the Court of Spain, furnish a complete history of the period. Besides annotating these documents, Mr. Brown has added valuable contemporary maps and plans, and rare portraits of prominent figures in the history of the time, and has constructed a comprehensive biographical index consisting of more than one thousand entries. I am told that the historian Bancroft and Mr. Charles Deane, the well-known historical scholar, are greatly impressed with the value of this work.

The first volume of 'The Narrative and Critical History of America'—which was published last week, out of its regular order, that the Introduction to the work, of which seven volumes have appeared, might be written to the best advantage—has attracted much attention. Dr. Justin Winsor's work as editor shows his usual thoroughness and his introduction is comprehensive and scholarly. I was pleased to see his portrait prefixed to this volume of a work which is invaluable to students of American history, and is one of the most important publications of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

I hear that great interest has been manifested in England in the forthcoming publication by this house of the complete works of James Russell Lowell, and that several bids have been received from English publishers.

Mr. Edwards Roberts, author of those interesting books of travel, 'Shoshone,' 'Santa Barbara,' and 'With the Invader,' is soon to take a trip to the Northwest, to study the development of that region. On his return to Boston, early in May, he will take his family to California for the summer.

BOSTON, March 25, 1889.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.



## To James Russell Lowell

THE FOLLOWING is the poem read by Dr. Holmes at the dinner given at the Tavern Club on Mr. Lowell's seventieth birthday, February 22, 1889, and published in the April *Atlantic*:

A health to him whose double wreath displays  
The critic's ivy and the poet's bays;  
Who stayed not till with undisputed claim  
The civic garland filled his meed of fame;  
True knight of Freedom, ere her doubtful cause  
Rose from the dust to meet the world's applause,  
His country's champion on the bloodless field  
Where truth and manhood stand for spear and shield!

Who is the critic? He who never skips  
The luckless passage where his author slips;  
Slides o'er his merits, stumbles at his faults,  
Calls him a cripple if he sometimes halts,  
Rich in the caustic epithets that sting,  
The venom-vitriol malice loves to fling;  
His quill a feathered fang at hate's command,  
His ink the product of his poison-gland,—  
Is this the critic? Call him not a snake,—  
This noxious creature,—for the reptile's sake!

He is the critic who is first to mark  
The star of genius when its glimmering spark  
First pricks the sky, not waiting to proclaim  
Its coming glory till it bursts in flame.  
He is the critic whose divining rod  
Tells where the waters hide beneath the sod;  
Whom studious search through varied lore has taught  
The streams, the rills, the fountain-heads of thought;  
Who, if some careless phrase, some slipshod clause,  
Crack Priscian's skull or break Quintillian's laws,  
Points out the blunder in a kindly way,  
Nor tries his larger wisdom to display.  
Where will you seek him? Wander far and wide,  
Then turn and find him seated at your side!

Who is the poet? He who matches rhymes  
In the last fashion of the new-born times;  
Sweats over sonnets till the toil seems worse  
Than Heaven intended in the primal curse;  
Work, duties, pleasures, every claim forgets,  
To shape his rondeaus and his triolets?  
Or is it he whose random venture throws  
His lawless whimsies into moonstruck prose,  
Where they who worship the barbarian's creed  
Will find a rhythmic cadence as they read,  
As the pleased rustic hears a tune, or thinks  
He hears a tune, in every bell that clinks?  
Are these the poets? Though their pens should blot  
A thousand volumes, surely such are not.

Who is the poet? He whom Nature chose  
In that sweet season when she made the rose.  
Though with the changes of our colder clime  
His birthday will come somewhat out of time,  
Through all the shivering winter's frost and chill  
The bloom and fragrance cling around it still.  
He is the poet who can stoop to read  
The secret hidden in a wayside weed;  
Whom June's warm breath with childlike rapture fills,  
Whose spirit 'dances with the daffodils';  
Whom noble deeds with noble thoughts inspire  
And lend his verse the true Promethean fire;  
Who drinks the waters of enchanted streams  
That wind and wander through the land of dreams;  
For whom the unreal is the real world,  
Its fairer flowers with brighter dews impearled.  
He looks a mortal till he spreads his wings,—  
He seems an angel when he soars and sings:  
Behold the poet! Heaven his days prolong,  
Whom Elmwood's nursery cradled into song!

Who is the patriot? He who deftly bends  
To every shift that serves his private ends,  
His face all smiling while his conscience squirms,  
His back as limber as a canker worm's;  
Who sees his country floundering through a drift,  
Nor stirs a hand the laboring wheel to lift,  
But trusts to Nature's leisure-loving law,  
And waits with patience for the snow to thaw?  
Or is he one who, called to conflict, draws

His trusty weapon in his country's cause;  
Who, born a poet, grasps his trenchant rhymes  
And strikes unshrinking at the nation's crimes;  
Who in the days of peril learns to teach  
The wisest lessons in the homeliest speech;  
Whose plain good sense, alive with tingling wit,  
Can always find a handle that will fit;  
Who touches lightly with Ithuriel spear  
The toad close squatting at the people's ear,  
And bids the laughing, scornful world descry  
The masking demon, the incarnate lie?  
This, this is he his country well may say  
Is fit to share her savior's natal day!

Think not the date a worn-out king assigned  
As life's full measure holds for all mankind;  
Shall Gladstone, crowned with eighty years, withdraw?  
See, nearer home, the Lion of the Law,—  
How Court Street trembles when he leaves his den,  
Clad in the pomp of four score years and ten!

Once more the health of Nature's favored son,  
The poet, critic, patriot, all in one;  
Health, honor, friendship, ever round him wait  
In life's fair field beyond the seven-barred gate!

## Notes

MARSHALL P. WILDER, the humorist, has written a book of his amusing experiences, which Cassell & Co. will publish early in the summer. Mr. Wilder has a large circle of friends both here and in England, and if all who have enjoyed his recitations read his book, it will have a large circulation.

—T. Whittaker will publish at once 'The Washington Centennial Souvenir,' arranged by Frederick Saunders, of the Astor Library. It will be well printed and illustrated.

—Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster has accepted the position of editor of *Harper's Bazar* made vacant by the death of Miss Mary L. Booth. Mrs. Sangster has been a writer for the Harpers and other publications for several years, and has won a gratifying reputation by her graceful prose and verse. She is well-known to young readers as the Postmistress of *Harper's Young People*.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish to-day (Saturday) the 'Constitutional History and Government of the United States,' by Justice J. S. Landon of the Supreme Court of the State of New York; 'Home Gymnastics for the Well and the Sick,' from the German of E. Angerstein, M.D., and G. Eckler; 'The Immanent God, and Other Sermons,' by A. W. Jackson; and the 'Holmes Birthday Book,' containing selections from the poems and prose writings of Dr. O. W. Holmes, with portrait and illustrations.

—The Hon. George H. Bates, who was sent to Samoa in 1886, and has been appointed by President Harrison a member of the Commission which will meet in Berlin to discuss the Samoan matter, contributes to the April *Century* a paper on 'Some Aspects of the Samoan Question,' written before his recent appointment.

—The new general series of Old South Leaflets will include a leaflet containing Washington's Inaugurals—the address delivered in New York in 1789, and his address to Congress in 1793.

—Mr. Lowell will go abroad toward the close of next month.

—Mr. G. H. Wilson, care of Chickering & Sons, Boston, announces a new volume—the sixth—of his 'Year Book' of music.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons add the following to their spring announcements: 'The Ideals of the Republic; or, Great Words from Great Americans,' comprising the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, Washington's and Lincoln's Inaugurals, etc., with etched portraits of Washington and Lincoln (this will be No. 20 of the Knickerbocker Nuggets); 'The Constitutional History of the United States, as Seen in the Development of American Law,' by Thomas M. Cooley, LL.D., Henry Hitchcock, LL.D., Geo. W. Biddle, LL.D., Charles A. Kent, A.M., and Daniel H. Chamberlain, LL.D.; a Report of the Proceedings at the Fifth Annual Meeting of the American Historical Association; Vol. I. of the Papers of the American Society of Church History; a translation of Dante's 'Convito,' by Katharine Hillard; a third volume in Mr. Phylfe's series on pronunciation, entitled 'Seven Thousand Words Often Mispronounced'; and 'An Essay on Money,' by James Platt, author of 'Business.'

—'A Few Facts' is a greenish-gray covered pamphlet bearing the imprint of the Old Dominion Steamship Co. The fact that the present is the 'fourteenth edition, enlarged,' indicates that fact may be not only stranger than fiction, but may run it a hard race for popularity. Most of the 'facts' presented in this guide-book are

conveyed in the form of a catechism. The questions are sometimes very simple ('Where is the Company's pier in New York?'), sometimes less so ('Is it daylight from City Point to Richmond?'); while sometimes they are put in such a form that a yea or nay answer is impossible, as in the query, 'Does this trip [to the Dismal Swamp] as a matter of fact pay for the time and trouble?' to which the catechist replies, with rare discretion: 'The answer will be quite governed by the taste of the traveller.' A more definite response might be made to the inquiry, 'does a trip to Old Point Comfort pay.' We have made it, and found that it does.

—F. Warne & Co. have arranged for the publication in this country of the Victoria Library, a new series of standard and popular works in all departments of literature. It commences with a volume of 'British Oratory,' comprising speeches by Grattan, Pitt, Peel, Bright and Gladstone.

—The scene of Miss M. G. McClelland's new story, 'Burkett's Lock,' just published by Cassell & Co., is laid in Virginia, where Miss McClelland has always lived.

—A volume of letters addressed by Mrs. Carlyle to a relative of D. G. Ritchie of Oxford is to be published under Mr. Ritchie's editorial supervision. The letters were written before the writer's marriage, while the Carlyles were living at Craigenputtock. The latest are dated in 1834, the year at which Mr. Froude's collection of Mrs. Carlyle's letters begins.

—According to the Chicago *Tribune*, Mrs. Mary H. Catherwood, author of 'The Romance of Dollard,' is at work on a historical romance of Chevalier La Salle and his lieutenant, Tonti, taking them from Canada into Illinois, and down the Illinois River into La Salle and Peoria Counties. 'Is it easy for you to write?' asked an interviewer. 'No; I have to write and rewrite everything. I began 'The Story of Tonti' just this morning, and this has been rewritten five times already.'

—The Tillotson Newspaper Literature Syndicate announce 'The Curse of Carne's Hold,' by G. A. Henty, to be published in June; and 'A March in the Ranks,' by Jessie Fothergill, to be issued in the fall. 'Twenty Short Tales, by Twenty Favorite Authors,' will, after newspaper publication, be issued in the fall.

—A report on the season just closed at the Metropolitan Opera House shows a triumph for the Wagner operas as far as the cash receipts go, and also, we are safe in saying, as far as musical success goes.

—The *Pall Mall Budget* of March 14 gives a very interesting account of the habits of the late Rev. J. G. Wood, the popular naturalist. He was, it seems, an inveterate toiler—as little like the lilies of the field, in that respect, as the ants and beavers whose doings he chronicled with so systematic a pen, yet lily-like in the purity of his mind and honest simplicity of his character. He paused only for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, and a little needed rest or exercise in the afternoon; and midnight often found him still at his desk. He was in demand all over England as a lecturer on the subject of his special studies; but even in the train he used to write as persistently as at home. Yet his wife and six children were left penniless, and a subscription is being taken up for their relief. Mr. Wood had just finished a book at the time of his death, which will be published in October under the title of 'The Dominion of Man over Animals.'

—Mr. Louis von Eltz will give six lectures on the literary and art history of mediæval Rome, under the auspices of the Wednesday Afternoon Club, at the Berkeley Lyceum, 19-21 W. 44th Street, at eleven o'clock on Tuesdays and Thursdays, April 2, 4, 9, 11, 16, and 18. Tickets may be obtained at the book-stores of Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Son's, F. W. Christern, Brentano, and at the door. The lectures will be illustrated with stereopticon views.

—The *Tribune* reports the gift to the New York Free Circulating Library of a collection of pictures and casts, which, divided up among the main building in Bond Street and the various branches throughout the city, has added greatly to the attractiveness of the libraries. The gift comes from a generous but modest lady whose identity is unknown even to the Trustees. At her suggestion, lists of books in connection with the subjects of the pictures have been placed upon the bulletin boards, the object being to induce a better quality of reading, especially among the inveterate devourers of fiction. The result has been encouraging, for a lively interest has been shown in the pictures, and the lists are constantly drawn from, many of the books not having been previously asked for for months at a time. Among those which have been drawn several times since the hanging of the pictures are Lübke's 'History of Art' and 'History of Sculpture'; C. C. Perkins's 'Raphael and Michael Angelo,' Irving's 'Washington' and 'Sketch-Book,' Hawthorne's

'Our Old Home,' Lowell's 'Among My Books,' Homer's 'Iliad,' Plato's 'Best Thoughts,' Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations,' Dowden's 'Shakspeare,' Clarke's 'Ten Great Religions,' the Erckmann-Chatrian and Ebers novels, and Thackeray's 'Virginians.' The donor of the pictures has given, in addition, fifty volumes named upon the lists.

—Mr. James Mc-Cartan, formerly of the *Herald*, has started in Dublin a monthly paper called *The Traveller*.

—Cornelius Mathews, a dramatist, poet and essayist well-known to the older generation of New Yorkers, died at his old home in Charlton Street, on Monday. He was born Oct. 28, 1817, on his paternal grandfather's estate at Portchester, Westchester Co., N. Y. Entering the University of the City of New York at a very early age, he was its first graduate, and the first President of its Alumni Association. In 1840 he and Evert A. Duyckinck founded a monthly magazine called *Arcturus*. Somewhat later he alone founded *Yankee Doodle*, the first successful comic journal ever printed in New York. Mr. Mathews was an enthusiastic worker in the cause of copyright, being associated in the early movement for International Copyright with William Cullen Bryant. Others interested with him in this subject were Henry Clay and Charles Dickens, with whom he corresponded at length. The success of Mr. Mathews's 'The Politicians,' a comedy, led him to write many others, chief among which was 'Witchcraft,' a tragedy founded on the Salem delusion. This was produced at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1846, and was translated into French and printed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Others of his successful plays were 'Jacob Leisler,' a drama dealing with Dutch colonial history, and 'False Pretences,' a comedy. Mr. Mathews's literary works include 'The Motley Book,' a series of sketches; 'Behemoth; a Legend of the Mound Builders'; 'Wakendah,' an Indian poem; 'Big Abel and Little Manhattan,' 'Moneypenny; or, the Heart of the World,' and 'Poems on Man,' which was most favorably commented upon by Margaret Fuller in her essay on 'American Literature.' Mr. Mathews was the first American editor of the works of Mrs. Browning, with whom he corresponded for many years. He remained a bachelor and his only relatives are his brother, D. A. Mathews of Dobbs Ferry, and that gentleman's daughter.

## Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

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|---|---|
| Bartlett, Theo. Heart Stories. 75c.   | G. P. Putnam's Sons.                    |
| Bellamy, Mrs. Penny Lancaster, Farmer. 50c.   | F. F. Lovell & Co.                      |
| Bernard, V. F. Le Geme des Noms. 25c.   | W. R. Jenkins.                          |
| Bunce, Oliver Bell. The Story of Happinoland. 25c.                                  | D. Appleton & Co.                       |
| Bureau of Education. Circular No. 6.  | Washington: Government Printing Office. |
| Burton, W. K. and Pringle, A. The Processes of Pure Photography. 25c.               | Scovill & Adams Co.                     |
| Campbell, Helen. Under Green Apple Boughs. 50c.                                     | Boston: Ticknor & Co.                   |
| Carlyle, Thomas. Letters. Ed. by Chas. Eliot Norton. 25c.                           | Macmillan & Co.                         |
| Chamberlain, N. H. The Sphinx in Aubrey Parish. 25c.                                | Boston: Cupples & Hurd.                 |
| Chambers's Encyclopædia. Vol. III. 25c.   | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.          |
| Cheyne, Rev. T. K. Jeremiah. 25c.   | A. D. F. Randolph & Co.                 |
| Crooker, J. H. Jesus Brought Back. 25c.   | Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.            |
| Deane, Rev. H. Daniel. 25c.   | A. D. F. Randolph & Co.                 |
| Doty, Alvah H. Prompt Aid to the Injured. 25c.                                      | D. Appleton & Co.                       |
| Gould, Anthony. A Woman of Sorek. 50c.  | American News Co.                       |
| Hardy, A. S. Passe Rose. 25c.   | Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.         |
| Harris, Rev. S. S. Select Sermons. 25c.   | Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.            |
| Hazard, Rowland G. Complete Works. 4 vols. 25c.                                     | Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.         |
| Hodgkin, Thos. The Dynasty of Theodosius. 25c.                                      | Macmillan & Co.                         |
| Kimball, Edwin C. Midnight Sunbeams. 25c.   | Boston: Cupples & Hurd.                 |
| Lady Bluebeard. 40c.  | Harper & Brothers.                      |
| Lewis, Isaac N. Pleasant Hours in Sunny Lands. 25c.                                 | Boston: Cupples & Hurd.                 |
| Linkill, Mary. In Exchange for a Soul. 30c.   | F. F. Lovell & Co.                      |
| Magnus, Lady. Jewish Portraits. 25c.  | Boston: Cupples & Hurd.                 |
| McClelland, M. G. Burkett Lock. 50c.  | Cassell & Co.                           |
| Monier-Williams, Sir M. Buddhism. 25c.  | Macmillan & Co.                         |
| Montaigne's Essays. Tr. by John Florio. Ed. by Justin H. McCarthy. 25c.             | Macmillan & Co.                         |
| Payson, Francis M. Elma, the Fairy Child. 25c.                                      | Chicago: T. S. Denison.                 |
| Porter, Whitworth. History of the Corps of Royal Engineers. 2 vols. 25c.            | Longmans, Green & Co.                   |
| Rawlinson, Geo. The Story of Phœnicia. 25c.   | G. P. Putnam's Sons.                    |
| Rice, Will A. Through Broken Reeds. 25c.  | Boston: Chas. H. Kilborn.               |
| Rives, Amélie. The Witness of the Sun. 25c.   | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.          |
| Ross, Peter. Scotland and the Scots. 25c.   | Scottish American.                      |
| Sergeant, A. Under False Pretences. 50c.  | F. F. Lovell & Co.                      |
| Serrano, Mary J. Dragons' Teeth. 25c.   | Boston: Ticknor & Co.                   |
| Sidney, Margaret. Five little Peppers and how they Grew. 25c.                       | Boston: D. Lothrop Co.                  |
| Smith, F. Hopkinson. A White Umbrella in Mexico. 25c.                               | Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.         |
| Slaughter, P. A Hunt for a Happy Man. 25c.  | Richmond, Va.: W. E. Jones.             |
| Slaughter, P. The Colonial Church of Virginia. 25c.                                 | Boston: Rand, Avery & Co.               |
| Slaughter, P. Christianity: the Key to the Character and Career of Washington. 25c. | T. Whitaker.                            |
| Swift, J. Tale of a Tub, etc. Ed. by H. Morley. 25c.                                | Geo. Routledge & Sons.                  |
| Taylor, Bayard. Views Afoot. 50c.   | J. B. Alden.                            |
| Toasted Leaves: An Essay on the Origin of Tea. By the Shade of Charles Lamb. 25c.   | Geo. Routledge & Sons.                  |
| Vincent, Jacques. Vaillante. 60c.   | W. R. Jenkins.                          |
| Warden, F. F. St. Cuthbert's Tower. 25c.  | F. F. Lovell & Co.                      |
| Wilberforce, Reginald. Life of Bishop Wilberforce. 25c.                             | A. D. F. Randolph & Co.                 |
| Wright, Julia M. Sea-Side and Way-side. 50c.  | Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.               |